Caprice
New Tunbridge Wells near Islington

BRITISH
4 AU64
MUSEUM

K Drake (James)

THE HUMOURS OF New TUNBRIDGE WELLS AT *ISLINGTON.*

A

Lyric POEM.

WITH

SONGS, EPIGRAMS, &c,

ALSO

Imitations from *French, Gascoon, Italian, Latin,* and *Chinese* Poets:

AND

An Ode, from a Manuscript of Mr. *de* VOLTAIRE.

Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor. Ovid. Met.

LONDON:
Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford* Arms in *Warwick Lane.* MDCCXXXIV.
Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mr. de VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

YOU, no doubt, will be very much ſurprized at this publick Addreſs, from One who has not the Happineſs of being perſonally known to you; but a Genius like yours can no more eſcape Intruſions of this Nature, than a fine Woman can ſecure her ſelf from importunate Encomiums. Beauty makes the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion on all but the Blind and the Taſteleſs; and Thoſe who are affected by its Power, can ſcarce refrain teſtifying, by ſome outward Demonſtration, the exquiſite Delight they enjoy from its Influence. I am one of the innumerable Readers who have received uncommon Pleaſure from your Muſe, which is one Reaſon why I wou'd gratefully attempt to draw the Idea

I have form'd of her Charms; but on this Occaſion I find the Expreſſion ſo vaſtly faint in Compariſon of what I feel, that my Endeavour to deſcribe her Graces wou'd be doing them the higheſt Injury, and therefore 'twill much better become me to admire them in Silence.

But I'm afraid 'twill not be thought I have in any manner improv'd the Compliment, when I deſire your Acceptance of the following Sheets, For,

Fond of the Parnaſſian *Shade,*
In Fancy's wild Parterre I ſtray'd;
Thence Flowers I cull'd of various Dyes,
And pleas'd with my ideal Prize,
For once, impertinently-free,
Prepar'd the gayeſt Wreathe for Thee.

And indeed, I am but too conſcious that ſuch Pieces in the enſuing Collection as are more immediately my own, are far from being worthy of your Patronage; but nevertheleſs I hope from your Candor, that the Intention with which I offer them,

may

may attone in ſome meaſure for their Imperfections.

No one was ever more paſſionately ſmit with the Love of the Muſes than I have been, nor ever was Creature more unluckily croſs'd in it, for alas!

With Sickneſs and a Train of Ills oppreſt,
In vain the warbling Nine inform'd my Breaſt;
Deny'd each Joy that fans the Poet's Flame,
Yet eagerly I ſought the Charmer, Fame;
From my Purſuit the coy bright Viſion flew,
And with her, every lovely Hope withdrew.
Then darkling, ſad, unpatroniz'd I rove,
Forbid the Mazes of the vocal Grove;
Like Pſyche, *by the God of Love beguil'd,*
(The Glories vaniſh'd) languiſh in the Wild.

And in the Wild I for ever might have languiſh'd, had not you been ſo indulgent as to take ſome notice of me; a Circumſtance I, unhappily, cannot declare to the World, without at the ſame time paying the higheſt Compliment to my ſelf.

But to prevent the Publick from making any improper Conjectures on this Occaſion, it may be neceſſary to inform them of the ſignal Obligations I have to your Muſe. You was pleaſed to let me teach her the *Engliſh* Tongue. To her delightfully-inſtructive Converſation I chiefly owe whatever Improvement I may have made in Taſte and the *Belles Lettres*: Her amiable Encouragement rais'd my drooping Genius to Heights it, till then, had never attain'd; and the Reputation of ſo illuſtrious an Acquaintance, procur'd me Acceſs to ſuch Poets as are the Ornament of the Age.

The Wren thus meditates a lonely Flight;
Silent ſhe riſes, ſcarcely loſt to Sight,
Till by the Eagle wafted far on high,
Singing ſhe basks in the ſublimeſt Sky;
Hails Phœbus; wantons round his glittering Lyre,
Amid the nobleſt of the feather'd Choir.

After this Confeſſion, how vain ſoever it may be thought, no Perſon, I preſume, can object

object to the Propriety of this Dedication. I cou'd only wiſh that, in return for your great Favours, ſome Opportunity would preſent it ſelf, by which I might prove how ſincerely I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

obliged to the Propriety of this Dedication. I could only wish that, in return for your great Favours, some Opportunity would present it self, by which I might prove how sincerely I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE PREFACE.

THE *facetious Author of* A Tale of a Tub *obſerves*, "*That ſome things* "*are extremely witty* to day, *or* "faſting, *or* in this Place, *or* at eight a "Clock, *or* over a Bottle, *or* ſpoke by "*Mr. What d'y call'm, or* in a Summer's "*Morning: any of which, by the ſmalleſt* "*Tranſpoſal or Miſapplication, is utterly* "*annihilate.*"—— *I don't doubt but theſe humorous Reflections may very juſtly be applied to the following (I had like to have ſaid Ode) Ballad, Poem; or by what Title ſoever the Reader may pleaſe to dignify or diſtinguiſh it, on* New Tunbridge Wells. *Very poſſibly, what was thought* pretty enough, *as the Phraſe is, over a Glaſs of Water at the Spring, or over a Diſh of Coffee in the Breakfaſt Rooms, when thoſe* Wells *were in their Glory, will now appear as cold, as languid and inſipid as the preſent*

ſent Seaſon. To confeſs the Truth, I my ſelf, at this preſent writing, don't find the hundredth Part of the Vivacity, Humour and Spirit in my Deſcriptions, as I did when I drew them on the Spot, (for on the Spot they were drawn, and without the uſual Aſſiſtance of Pen, Ink, Paper, Pencil, or even Chalk; a Circumſtance I earneſtly intreat the candid and erudite Reader to mark attentively, for divers and ſundry weighty Reaſons, which I'll diſcloſe to Him the very firſt time we get over a Bottle;) and therefore, I ſay, ſhan't be much aſtoniſh'd, ſhou'd thoſe Deſcriptions appear to the ſame, or worſe Diſadvantage, to others. But here it may be objected, why then do you ſend your Poem into the World?—— I'm really puzzled what anſwer to make.——Why—'twas— becauſe,— and this, and t'other Thing.—— Now I have it! 'twas becauſe an old Proverb ſays, Better late than never; *and if this Reaſon is not found as convincing as any Demonſtration in* Euclid, *I pronounce that whoever thinks otherwiſe, has not even the Shadow of Reaſon in Him.*

But

But not to trifle on ſo very ſerious and important an Occaſion. I expect that the Conduct of the Poem will be thought wild and irregular, and conſequently that it will be declar'd no Imitation, in that reſpect, of the Particulars it pretends to deſcribe; ſince not the leaſt Confuſion, no motely Mixture of Perſons of the moſt oppoſite Ranks and Conditions; no crouding, no obſtreperous Tatling, were ſeen, felt, heard, or underſtood, in the Place abovemention'd.—— I in Truth am ſo conſcious of the Juſtneſs of this Criticiſm, that I bluſh to think of it: And to whiſper a Word in the Reader's Ear, I endeavour'd to mend it, but found that every part of the Poem in queſtion, might ſo juſtly be made or Head, or Middle or Tail, that there was no Poſſibility of my diſpoſing it to better Advantage than that in which it now ventures abroad.

Some Perſons of uncommon Penetration and Taſte, who, very wiſely, are for ſubjecting all kinds of Poetry to the Laws of the Drama, declare, that I have been guilty of a great Indecorum, in ſetting Hannah *the Water-Nymph in ſo conſpicuous a Light,*

and

and in making her even eclipſe ſeveral great Ladies.—— Notwithſtanding the prodigious Strength of this Criticiſm, I yet ſhall come off with flying Colours; for I have only imitated, in this Particular, the greateſt comic Genius this Age or Nation, or indeed any other, has produc'd; I mean the Author of the R. M. *the Servants in which wonderful Play (as full oft is ſeen in real Life) make a much more conſiderable Figure than their Maſters.— If this Authority does not ſilence the moſt prying, inveterate Critick,* —qu'il s'en aille.——

Firmly perſuaded I am, that the everlaſting Return of the Word Dis-habille, *will adminiſter uncommon Titillation and Delight to a muſical Ear. Now tho' I probably may be thought an* ORIGINAL *in this kind of Chiming, I yet will be ſo ingenuous as to confeſs (for I abominate any thing which has the Air of Plagiariſm) that many Poets of our own, and of ſome other polite and learned Nations, had got the Start of me in this Species of Harmony. I believe the late delectable Mr.* Thomas Durfey *of Sing-ſong Memory, might very naturally be*

cited

cited on this Occaſion. The bare mention of this charming Creature raiſes me to Extaſy. Peace to his Aſhes! Never ſure will ſo ſweet a Warbler ariſe again, of which his Trillos, Twangdillos, and their numerous Progeny, are an immortal Proof.

But I am going to make my Entry larger than my Houſe, ſo ſhall hardly have room (obſerve the Pun) for any thing elſe.—— With regard, therefore, to the other Pieces, they were writ as the Fit of—— I know not what to call it, came upon me. Poſſibly a Query will be made, why I publiſh ſo many Fragments, and not the entire Poems from which they are extracted: But here again I have a moſt ſubſtantial Reaſon. Modern Poeſies (Noverint univerſi per præſentes) *are of ſo light and ſubtle a Nature, that they frequently evaporate, in their Conveyance from the Author's Brain (if he has any) to the Paper, and from thence to the Preſs. Now when this happens to Poems of a conſiderable Length, 'tis manifeſt that the honeſt Bibliopole ſtands but a ſort of a very poor Chance.*

PREFACE.

Of my Imitations I ſhall ſay very little. I certainly look upon 'em (with the moſt profound Modeſty I ſpeak this) as infinitely ſuperior to the Originals, from which they are taken, otherwiſe ſhould not have been ſo ſilly as to print them Face to Face. A Word or two more will finiſh this very ſhort Preamble. As the firſt Importer of any rare or uſeful Commodity is had in Eſteem upon that Account, I very juſtly expect that ſome regard ſhould be paid to me, inaſmuch as I James Drake *am the firſt* Engliſhman *who has transfus'd* Chineſe *and* Gaſcoon *Poetry into his native Language.*

A Manuſcript Ode of Mr. de Voltaire *having fallen accidentally into my Hands, I thought proper to communicate it to the Publick.*

ERRATA.

Page 13. Line 1. for *Hartford*, read *Hertford*----(*Lady*). In the Key to the Poem on *New Tunbridge Wells*, p. 14. line laſt, for *which* read *who*.

CON-

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THE

THE HUMOURS OF New TUNBRIDGE WELLS AT *ISLINGTON.*

WHENCE comes it that the ſhining Great,
To Titles born, and awful State,
Thus condeſcend, thus check their Will,
And ſcud away to *Tunbridge Wells*,
To mix with vulgar Beaux and Belles?
Ye Sages your fam'd Glaſſes raiſe,
Survey this Meteor's dazling Blaze,
And ſay, portends it Good or Ill.

Soon as Aurora gilds the Skies,
With brighter Charms the Ladies riſe,
To dart forth Beams that ſave or kill.
No Homage at the Toilette paid,
(Their lovely Features unſurvey'd,)
Sweet Negligence her Influence lends,
And all the artleſs Graces blends,
That form the tempting Dishabille.

Behold the Walks, a chequer'd Shade,
In the gay Pride of Green array'd:
How bright the Sun! the Air how ſtill!
In wild Confuſion there we view
Red Ribbons groop'd with Aprons blue.
Scrapes, Curtzies, Nods, Winks, Smiles and Frowns;
Lords, Milkmaids, Dutcheſſes and Clowns,
In their all-various Dishabille.

Thus,

Thus, in the famous Age of Gold,
(Not quite romantic tho' ſo old)
Mankind were merely *Jack* and *Gill.*
On flow'ry Banks, by murm'ring Streams,
They tatled, walk'd, had pleaſing Dreams,
But dreſs'd indeed, like aukward Folks;
No Steeple-Hats, Surtouts, ſhort Cloaks,
Fig-leaves the only Dishabille.——

Sudden a clatt'ring Shower deſcends,
A ruſtling's heard, the Strolling ends,
And ſoon the Breakfaſt-Rooms now fill.
Like Bees faſt-flocking to their Hive,
Men, Women, all, ſkim, puſh and drive:
The Chairs (firſt come, firſt ſerv'd) they ſeize,
No Spark cries, *Madam*, —*This*, —*nay Pleaſe*:—
Their Manners in high Dishabille.

Swift clears the Sky, the Crouds diſperſe,
Another Scene adorns my Verſe,
Parties who modiſh Liquids ſwill.
Preſto, before our famiſh'd Eyes,
Mountains of Bread and Butter riſe.
Smart *Ganymedes* wait round in Throngs,
And yet, alas! no Napkins, Tongs,
The Equipage in Diſhabille.

Silence! for *(a)* Sir *Cockade* appears,
To Angel-Sounds prepare your Ears,
He hums *the Laſs of Patie's Mill*:
Then trips a Minuet round the Floor
(Such Steps no Mortal ſaw before!)
Sits, ſtarts, peers, lolls, twirls *Royal Jack*;
Aims at a Caper, flounces back,
His Brain in gay, mad Diſhabille.

What *(b)* Fair-One there draws ev'ry Eye?
Around her, Thouſands, giggling, fly——
She ſpeaks in Accents faintly ſhrill.
" *I in a Pr——nce's Smiles am bleſt*;
" *That you are not.* ——*Now where's the Jeſt?*
Alas! thoſe Prudes who moſt deride,
Wou'd, were *(c) Ithuriel's* Spear apply'd,
Trip back in more than Dishabille.

Ye Maids who genuine Maidens are,
Of gaudy, flutt'ring Sparks beware,
Who vain, gay, luſcious Thoughts inſtil.
For ſhou'd you, charm'd by Plumes and Lace,
(Too often theſe extinguiſh Grace)
Withdraw to unfrequented Bow'rs,
A Snake, ſwift-gliding from the Flowers,
Wou'd ruffle all your Dishabille.

Who's that illumes the middle Path?
Immortal *N—ſh*, dread King of *Bath*,
Great Soul of Hazard, Whiſk, Quadrille.
He forms in his capacious Mind,
Bright Schemes to poliſh all Mankind:
Balls, Concerts, Scandal, Modes, Intrigues;
Joins with the Rich in glorious Leagues,
And Nicks—— their very Dishabille.

How bright's the Blaze round yonder Groop?
The firſt of that illuſtrious Troop,
Is Who? The *(d)* Sage that boaſts his Pill.
" *Osford*, he cries, *ſhall 'ave my Sone*,
' *So Cambreege, Zeſt! is al ondone.*"
Superbe he treats Duke, Lord or Knight:
Bleſt Pills! thus high to raiſe a Wight,
From a pedantic Dishabille.

I dream

I dream, or roſy Cupids ſport,
Sure Beauty's Queen here keeps her Court,
Such mingled Charms the Senſes thrill.
But *(e) Chloe* comes! they fade, they die;
Like Light ſhe flaſhes on the Eye.
Thus tempting, gay *Thaleſtris* won
The Heart of *Philip*'s mighty Son,
In her Equeſtrian Dishabille.

Inchanted with her ev'ry Grace,
Swift through the Grove her Steps I trace,
She's gone! I feel a deadly Chill.
In deep Deſpair I gaze around,
Ah me! no heavenly Fair is found.
Reſtore Her, *Morpheus*, or I die;
Bleſt Viſion chear my longing Eye,——
But O! without the Dishabille.

The Flag's diſplay'd, the Cannon fire, (*f*)
To nobler Sounds I wind the Lyre,
The Echoes reach the diſtant Hill.
Lo! from their Car three Nymphs deſcend,
The Zephyrs, Sports and Loves attend,
Whoſe Boſoms heaving with Delight,
Think the three *Graces* bleſs their Sight,
For once veil'd in a Diſhabille.

Lovely Miſtake! for *Brunſwick's* Face,
We, in their ſhining Features trace,
Their ſeraph Smiles our Vows fulfil.
Thus Deities in antient Times,
(Or Bards fib ſoundly in their Rhimes)
To glad poor Mortals, left the Skies,
Wrapt in the airy, bright Diſguiſe
Of a celeſtial Diſhabille.

In yon Alcove *Monimia* lies;
A Youth attracted by her Sighs,
Steals to the lovely Dreamer—till
Soft whiſp'ring in an amorous Strain,
The Fair, in Sleep, reveals her Pain.
Ah! fond *Monimia*'s ſelf betray'd;—
Twas to her Charmer ſhe diſplay'd
Her Soul in Love-ſick Diſhabille.

Again my *Chloe!* yes! 'tis She!
She ſhines! She's gone! ſtill wretched Me!
O for a *Kneller*, and *(g) Paul Brill!*
Or could'ſt thou, *(h) Philips*, catch her Charms,
The roſeat Smile, the Glance that warms:
Paint her, ſoft-ſlumbring in a Glade,
I'd fly to claſp the Magic Shade,
And kiſs away the Diſhabille.

Stand

Stand clear! for now a motley Crew
Pours like a Flood from Midnight Stew;
Light-finger'd Knaves who Pockets drill:
Wits, Captains, Politicians, Trulls;
Sots, Devotees, Pimps, Poets, Gulls;
And Jews, who breathing lecherous Sighs,
Drink Chriſtian Beauty at their Eyes
That dart quite through the Dishabille.

To me, *(i) Sophronia,* gives a Glaſs:
Cries, —Fill it, Bard: —with Glee I'd paſs
Inſtant to the ſalubrious Rill;
When oh! by Hoops contiguous preſt,
My Heart faſt-flutters in my Breaſt;
The Cauſe ſweet *Sympathy* reveals;——
Cupids unnumber'd She conceals
Beneath the circling Dishabille.

Got to the Rails, with as much Eaſe
As Merit into Courts can ſqueeze,
I cry— O *(k) Hannah!* thou Junquil;
By the dear Zone that binds thy Leg,
One cool, vivific Glaſs I beg!
'Tis for a Matron, in Deſpair,
Unleſs theſe Waters give an Heir;
Her Soul in Spleen's dark Dishabille.

Yet *Hannah*, deaf to all my Cries,
Throws fliggering round her Sky-blue Eyes.—
Thou charming Naïad, ſee! I grill.—
Ah me! my Dreſs, my Bard-like Air,
Tell her— too plain— No Rhino's there.—
Grand Ladies thus, (their Porters too)
When trembling Scribes for Favours ſue,
Like Winds, ſport with their Dishabille,

But now the Naïad hears my Sighs,
She hands a Glaſs, too fleeting Prize!
For O Reverſe! each drop I ſpill.
Sad Emblem!—— Once to *G——f——n*'s Grace
I flew—— not for the *Laureat*'s Place:
Gay roſe my Hopes, as *Phœbus* bright,
A moment blaz'd, then plung'd in Night,
And all was worſe than Dishabille.——

It glows: On Flowers I fall to reſt;
Come *Zephyr*, come, and fan my Breaſt,
Or in cool, pearly Drops diſtill.
Muſt I again to Town return,
And 'midſt its ſultry Ardors burn!
I'll haſte to ſome ſequeſtred Place;
Ah no! for *Fortune* ſhows a Face
Still frowning, and all Dishabille.

And yet, wou'd gracious *Hartford* praiſe,
In echoing Shades my Voice I'd raiſe,
Or down by Rivulets ſweetly trill,
I'd wander 'midſt the ſpangled Dews,
And Nature's ſpacious Book peruſe:
At Court outſhine great *Duck* himſelf;
Not dangling creep, a ſhiv'ring Elf,
In my poetic Dishabille.

What's Reputation? oft a Blaze,
That throws, (but with fictitious Rays,)
A Glory round the meaneſt Quill.
Ev'n in that ſhadowy Luſtre dreſt,
My Muſe may pleaſe and be careſt;
May Splendors dart ſhall charm the Croud,
So grow of fancied Beauties proud,
Tho' homely and in Dishabille.

(a) Mr

(*a*) *Mr.* Mart—n, *by ſome call'd the* Tunbridge *Knight, an inoffenſive Gentleman, known chiefly by the yellow Cockade in his Hat, and the Hawk he carried upon his Fiſt. He gave the Name of* ROYAL JACK *to that Bird, out of Reſpect, as he ſaid, to the Royal Family.*

(*b*) The honourable *Miſs V———e, who met with very rude treatment in this Place.*

(*c*) *Alluding to the Spear of that Angel in the* Paradiſe loſt.

(*d*) Dr. M. *a ſort of Phyſician, fam'd for his Pills, but much more for his Genius and Learning. This great Man being refus'd his Doctor's Degree at* Cambridge, *vow'd, with a noble Indignation, he'd ruin that Univerſity.*—— His Son ſhou'd go to Oxford

(*e*) The Honourable Miſs *H———* in a riding Habit.

(*f*) *The Princeſſes had always this Honour paid them, at their Arrival in the Walks.*

(*g*) *A famous Landſkip Painter.*

(*h*) *Mr.* Philips *junior, Painter in Great Queen-ſtreet,* Lincoln's-Inn *Fields.*

(*i*) *The celebrated Lady* Sar.

(*k*) *The Wench which ſerv'd the Water at the Well.*

The Miſtake, or St. *James*'s Palace, and the new Stables in the *Meuſe*.

A Stranger gazing on the Stables, cries,
With Air auguſt, theſe royal Manſions riſe;
Spying, anon, St. *James*'s aukward Pile,
Really, ſays he, theſe Stables grace the Iſle.——

Convinc'd that inſtant of his groſs Miſtake,
Enrag'd, theſe Words like Lightning from him break;

Full worthy this of *Houynhymns* and Brutes,
But meanly with the *Britiſh* Genius ſuits.——
Say, wav'ring Nation, whence this Caprice ſprings,
Kings lodg'd as Horſes, and as Horſes, Kings?

The Author's WISH.

From a Manuſcript Lyric Poem, entitled,
The Complaint, to his Genius.

NOT that Ambition me ſeduc'd,
To ſoar on Fortune's painted Wing:
Far humbler Motives, ſtrong induc'd,
To haunt, unvex'd, the Muſes Spring,

Some rural Cott, where Angel-Peace,
Mild o'er the Soul her Influence ſheds;
Where Pleaſures flow with gay Increaſe,
And ſport at eaſe on roſy Beds.

Where Sylvan Scenes the Fancy raiſe,
Exalt the Soul, improve the Lay;

Where

Where fanning Zephyrs ſooth the Blaze
Of Summer's fiercely-darting Day.

Here doubly bleſt, devoid of Care,
The circling Hours ſhould bliſsful ſlide;
No gilded Views my Soul enſnare,
The Ivy wreathe my only Pride.

The dimpled Stream, the winding Shade,
The Lawn in chearing Verdure dreſt;
Th' aſpiring Hill, the tufted Glade,
Soft Themes! ſhou'd pleaſing Thoughts ſuggeſt.

Then rais'd to Extaſy, I'd hail
The ſweetly-awful rural Powers;
Invite, if artleſs Sounds prevail,
Gay Wood-Nymphs from their Jaſmin Bowers.

Rich in my ſelf I'd frown on Gold,
And far the treacherous Gugaw throw;
With Pity's melting Eye behold,
The idly-buſtling Croud below.

Ah me! in what romantic Seats,
Does my deluded Fancy ſtray:
Too tranſient, viſionary Sweets,
That ſudden gleam, then fade away.

Thus, ſportive, to the Mind, in Sleep,
Caſcades, Rocks, Coaches, Guineas riſe;
Break but the Charm, the glitt'ring Heap,
And all the wild Creation dies.

The

The Experienc'd MATRON.

FOUR modiſh Dames, not prone to Ill,
Were playing at their dear Quadrille:
Swift whiſk'd the Cards, and *Fortune* flew
From Side to Side, as Courtiers do.——
This Fair, one Moment's flush'd with Joy,
The next, her brighteſt Hopes deſtroy:
The Play, their Humours ſoon betray'd,
And Smiles and Frowns alternate play'd.

Now *Betty* handed round the Tea,
And crown'd the Feaſt with Ratafia.——
Rap goes the Door: the Ladies ſtart:——
Says *Chloe*,—'tis my *Drake!* my Heart!
Your Huſband!—Pugh—'tis Captain *Plume*.——
The Captain!—So!—and He's at *Rome*.——

I'd e'en have giv'n my Fancy Scope,
And told us, 'twas,—Pray who?— The Pope.
This rais'd a Laugh, the Fans are ſpread——
Rap, rap—— Fly *Betty!* ſure you're dead!——
One vow'd 'twas *Squib*, another *Rake*,
But all inſiſted 'twas'nt *Drake*.
When *Chloe*, redning with a Grace,
That wak'd new Beauties in her Face;
Cries— What d'ye take me for?— a Stock——
Who beſt ſhou'd know my Spouſe's *Knock*?

From a Manuſcript Poem, entitled, *The Progreſs of Learning*.

BE it, O Science! radiant Maid,
To thy immortal Honour told,
That whilſt thy heavenly Dictates ſway'd,
Fair *Virtue* triumph'd over Gold.

But when thy Smiles no more cou'd charm,
And *Romans* ſlighted thy Embrace,
Vice blazon'd forth her painted Form,
And weeping *Virtue* left the Place.

Then down ſinks thy devoted Head,
And *Vandals* to complete thy Doom,
Wide o'er the World dire Havock ſpread,
Thy Fanes deſtroy, and all is Gloom.

Paſt ſome few Years, a ſhapeleſs Sprite,
Offſpring of Cloyſters ap'd thy Mien:
Glanc'd aukward, thro' the ſullen Night,
And faintly cheer'd the widow'd Scene.——

Sudden the ſcatter'd Vapours fly
To Realms where Midnight Darkneſs reigns;

For lo! the genial Blaze is nigh,
That gilds once more *Auſonia*'s Plains.

Tis come! for (*a*) *Leo* mounts the Throne,
Neglected Art's auſpicious Friend;
The golden Years his Influence own,
And raptur'd Joys his Steps attend.

Had every Pontiff ſmil'd like thee
On Learning's Sons, and ſooth'd their Flame,
Rome ſtill o'er all wou'd Miſtreſs be,
And juſtly boaſt the glorious Name.

(*a*) Pope *Leo* x.

From

From a Manuſcript Poem, entitled,
The Progreſs of Poetry.

WHEN *Grecians* liv'd, auſpicious Time!
Glory inſpir'd the ſacred Rage:
How faint the Muſe of *Albion*'s Clime,
Now glimmers in th'enervate Page!

Then Sculpture wak'd the mimic Stone,
With Nature's Tints the Canvas glow'd,
Sad *Orpheus* breath'd melodious Moan,
And *Clio* taught the ſounding Ode.

Bleſt Period! faireſt point of Time,
Th' enraptur'd Muſes golden Age,
When Arts that rais'd their Heads ſublime,
With genial Warmth inſpir'd the Sage:

No grov'ling Views cou'd then controul
The Sage's high exalted Guſt;
Once fir'd, he'd fly from Pole to Pole,
To ſlake his nobly-ardent Thirſt.

So to the radiant Source of Light,
Allur'd by the refulgent Blaze,
Jove's Bird directs his rapid Flight,
And on the God does ſtedfaſt gaze.

Grandeur was then of mild Acceſs,
No *(b) Cerberus* held faſt the Door;
Nor Worth, tho' in a pining Dreſs,
The Marks of wild Dejection wore.

(b) *Alluding to great Mens Porters.*

To Solitudes in vain the Muſe
Fled baſhful, pleas'd with calm Reſorts;
Fame, ſwift as Light, her Steps purſues,
And calls her forth to ſhine in Courts.

Thus gay *Anacreon*'s melting Lyre,
On which the Loves enamour'd hung,
Soft eccho'd to th' *Athenian* Choir,
And *Ios* hail'd the Poet's Song.

Athens' mild *(c)* Chief, for Arts renown'd,
Indulg'd the Bard a fav'rite Smile;
Struck with the Harp's harmonious Sound,
He call'd him ſoon from *Teos'* Iſle.

(c) Hipparchus.

Seeing

Seeing his Daughter (an Infant) in her Coffin.

SEE! where ſhe lies, in baleful Weeds array'd,
(The Tribute Heaven requires ſo early paid)
Who, call a Moment back, in flow'ry Pride,
Seem'd, in her Ribbons gay, an infant Bride.
With Rapture then I gaz'd upon thy Charms,
And claſp'd Thee, ſweetly ſmiling, in my Arms;
Saw fondeſt Joys in diſtant Proſpect riſe,
When thou, in Years advanc'd, ſhou'dſt glad theſe Eyes.
How falſe thoſe Joys! (ſo promiſing the Theme)
On airy Pinions gliding like a Dream,
For lo! Death's icy Hand has chill'd her Veins,
And ſnatch'd, relentleſs, to his dread Domains,—

Yet no!— the bluſhing Graces in her Cheek,
Her Lips, like Roſes red, which all but ſpeak;
The Smiles that round her opening Features gleam,
Diſplay the Virgin in a pleaſing Dream.

Some guardian Seraph in his ſilent Round,
Thee beauteous as his kindred Angels found;
In heavenly Slumbers, ſoft, thine Eyelids preſt,
And ſoon he'll wing thee to eternal Reſt.

EPIGRAM.

I'VE but one Wife, ſays *Hodge*, and She,
A more than Vixon proves to me——
But how liv'd Men in Days of Yore,
When each was plagu'd with half a ſcore!

EPIGRAM.

MOPSA whipping her Scarf on, ſcuds away
to the Park,
And cries, for a Venus I'll paſs in the dark.
With her Hoop ſpreading wide, and her ſoft-
ſoothing Tale,
She knows her coarſe Features may ſometimes prevail.
Well, the Baggage plays arch, thus to wound in
the Night,
Since her Face wou'd ſtrike Dread, if reveal'd in the
Light.

To One who inveigh'd very much againſt the few Things that were judg'd tolerable, but applauded all the trifling Particulars, in a dramatic Piece of the Author's, not yet exhibited.

EPIGRAM.

GUſtillo, with a witleſs Face,
Damns ev'ry Stroke that aims at Grace,
But praiſes each mean Thought or Word.
Thus Flies, begot in ſtupid Stinks,
Leaving the Vi'lets, Roſes, Pinks,
Buzz round, and ſettle on a——

Upon Mrs. *Cecilia Young*'s repreſenting *Britannia*, in the Opera ſo call'd.

NO more ſhall *Italy* its Warblers ſend,
To charm our Ears with *Handel*'s heavenly Strains;
For dumb his (*d*) rapt'rous Lyre, their Fame muſt end,
And lo! *Cecilia* from th' Ætherial Plains:
Her Voice once call'd an Angel from the Skies,
To ſing like Accents, ſee! ſhe hither flies.

(*d*) At the time that *Britannia* was repreſented, the Opera of *Cato*, (not compos'd by Mr. *Handel*) was playing at the Theatre Royal in the *Hay-Market*.

The jealous Shepherdeſs.

SONG.

Imitated from *la Fontaine's Fables.*

SWEET *Amaryllis*, blooming Fair,
By Love reduc'd to ſad Deſpair,
Suſpecting gay *Myrtillo*'s Truth,
Reproach'd in Wilds the abſent Youth,
Thinking her Sheep, and Dog alone,
Cou'd hear her breathe this Love-ſick Moan.

But *Celadon* who ſpied the Maid,
Steals to the Willow's ſecret Shade;
Thence hears her recommend her Sighs
To *Zephyrus*, and as he flies,
To tell her perjur'd Swain—— She dies.

Women like Books.

SONG.

The Tune, *As Cupid one Day wily*, &c.

A Girl we long to toy with,
Is like a favourite Book;
If once we're ſet agog on't,
We long to ſteal a Look.

Tranſported with the Notion
Of Bliſs that ne'er will cloy,
So ſwift we whiſk it over,
We taſte no real Joy.

But when the Rapture's ended,
And coolly we peruſe,
The Pleaſure is ſubſtantial,
And ſooths our fondeſt Views.

Then

Then once, twice, thrice, we thumb it,

Perhaps five hundred times;

At laſt it grows inſipid,

As *(a) Colley*'s annual Rhimes.

(*a*) At the ſame time that our Author is ſo ludicrous upon this Gentleman, he is ſenſible how much he has excelled in another Species of Writing.

A SONG.

The Tune.

The Night her blackeſt Sables wore, &c.

CAN any Tranſports equal thoſe
Which two fond Lovers feel,
Who meet, that thought to meet no more,
And their paſt Woes reveal.

Their Joys too great to be expreſs'd,
So croud the faultring Tongue,
Fain would they breathe their Soul in Words,
But Paſſion ſtrikes them dumb.

Yet do their Eyes at the bleſt Sight,
Enraptur'd Glances dart;
By theſe and Sighs their Wiſhes paint,
Which flutter round the Heart.

Like

Like Statues fix'd, amaz'd they ſtand,
Survey their mutual Charms;
Then, when the Extaſy gives leave,
Fly to each other's Arms.

SONG.

The Tune, *Fike of Dunkrab.*

A Painter draws a homely Coquet,
Who charg'd him ſtrictly not to flatter:
Miſs her Likeneſs views, but frets,
And cries, O Heavens! the Satyr.

He takes his Bruſh,— daſh out goes the Face,
He paints a lovely, finiſh'd Creature:
Now Miſs peeps,— ſays She, here's Grace,
'Tis me in ev'ry Feature.

The Fond Diſappointment.

SONG.

Set to Muſick by the honourable Col——

LUCY, bright Nymph, who long had frown'd,
To all my amorous Glances blind,
At laſt, my conſtant Paſſion crown'd,
And now, as Love cou'd wiſh, was kind.

I claſp'd the Charmer to my Heart,
Inchanted with her ſnowy Frame;
The ſweet Illuſion made me ſtart,
I wak'd—— for Oh! 'twas but a Dream.

Le Cadenat.

Par Mr. *de Voltaire.*

JEUNE Beauté qui ne ſavés que plaire,
A vos genoux comme bien vous ſavés,
En qualité de Prêtre de Cythere,
J'ai débité non morale ſévere,
Mais bien ſermons par Venus approuvez,
Gentils propos, & toutes les ſornettes,
Dont Rochebrune orne ſes Chanſonnettes.
De ces ſermons votre Cœur fut touché,
Jurates lors de quitter le péché
Que parmi nous on nomme indifference:

The *Italian* Padlock.

Imitated from Mr. *de Voltaire*.

GAY, blooming *Chloe*, form'd to pleaſe,
How often, on my bended Knees,
Have I, bright *Venus* Prieſt, to You,
Read moral Lectures, tender, new;
Not dry, ſevere, inſipid Strains,
But ſuch as Beauty's Queen ordains;
Soft-ſoothing Words, inveigling Praiſe,
Borrow'd from *Prior*'s melting Lays?

Deep ſunk my Precepts in your Mind,
When you (to gentle Love reſign'd)
The Sin, one balmy Hour, diſclaim'd,
By am'rous Mortals Coldneſs nam'd;

Plus un Baiſer m'en donna l'aſſurance;

Mais votre Epoux, ma mie, a tout gâté.

Il craint l'Amour. Mari ſexagenaire

Contre ce Dieu fut toujours en colere,

C'eſt bien raiſon, l'Amour de ſon coté,

Aſſez ſouvent ne les épargne guere.

Celui ci donc tient de court vos appas.

Plus ne venez ſur les bords de la Seine,

Dans ces jardins où blondins à centaine,

En rendez-vous vont prendre leurs ébats,

Où tous les ſoirs Nymphes jeunes & blanches,

Les Courcillons, Polignacs, Ville-Franches,

Près du Baſſin devant plùs d'un Paris

De la beauté vont diſputer le prix.

And ſweetly to increaſe our Bliſs
Seal'd the dear Promiſe with a Kiſs.

But Oh! your Huſband, lovelieſt Fair,
Has plung'd my Hopes in deep Deſpair.
Cupid he dreads; for Spouſes, who,
Have ſpun out Life to ſixty two,
Deteſt the God of roſy Smiles:——
Juſtly—— for Cupid oft beguiles
Antique fond Huſbands with his Wiles.

This Churl my *Chloe*'s Charms immures,
And like a precious Gem ſecures.
No more on *Thames*' green Banks you walk,
Shed Angel Smiles, and ſweetly talk
Amid the Choirs of noble Maids,
Who brighten *Ham*'s delicious Shades,

*Plus ne venez au Palais des * Francines,*

Dans ce païs où tout eſt fiction,

Où l'Amour ſeul fait mouvoir cent machines,

Plaindre Théſée & ſiffler Arion.

Trop bien helas ! à votre époux ſoumiſe,

On ne vous voit tout au plus qu'à l'Egliſe.

Le ſcelerat a de plus attenté

Par cas nouveau ſur votre liberté.

* *L'Opera*

Pour

Bleſt Shades! where *Richmond* leads the Train
Of Graces who adorn her Reign.

No more in *(a)* Lyric Shews you ſhine,
Where all is Fiction, all Divine:
Soft Seats! where *Love* the Scepter ſways;
Himſelf, Machines unnumber'd plays;
Draws Tears for fair *(b) Amelia*'s Doom,
Or lights fierce *(c) Judith* to her Tomb.
For oh! ſubjected to your Spouſe,
And curſt by Hymeneal Vows,
To Church you only now repair,
And Spouſee dangles with You there.——
Still this might paſs, had not the Wretch,
Employ'd, alas! a wicked Fetch;

(*a*) The Opera. (*b*) An Opera ſet by Mr. *Lampe*.
(*c*) An *Oratorio*, play'd but once.

A Fetch

Pour éclaircir pleinement ce myſtere,

D'un peu plus haut reprenons notre affaire.

Vous connoiſſez la Déeſſe Cérès :

Or en ſon temps Cérès eut une fille,

Semblable à vous à vos ſcrupules près,

Belle & ſenſible, honneur de ſa famille,

Brune ſurtout, partant pleine d'attraits,

A Fetch was hinted to the Dunce,
Excludes dear Gallantry at once.——
How hard, my *Chloe*, is your Caſe!
Yet! but with Sighs, I'll dare to trace
The Origin of this Diſgrace.

Of *Ceres* frequently you've read,
Who ſhar'd the mighty Thund'rer's Bed.
From their Embrace a Daughter ſprung
Whoſe Beauties raptur'd Bards have ſung.
Your Heavenly Frame in her's was ſeen,
The piercing Glance, the dazling Mein;
Like you, the Glory of her Race,
To Softneſs form'd, and ſweeteſt Grace;
A bright Brunette, and therefore bleſt
With ev'ry Charm by Nymphs poſſeſt;

Ainſi que vous par le Dieu d'Hymenée,

La pauvre enfant fut aſſez mal menée.

Le Roi des Morts fut ſon barbare Epoux,

Il étoit louche, avare, hargneux, jaloux ;

Il fut Cocu, c'etoit bien la juſtice.

Pirithoüs ſon fortuné rival,

In ſhort, were *Chloe* leſs ſevere,
The juſt Reſemblance of my Dear.

Proſerpina, this Pearl of Maids
Was call'd, in *Pluto*'s dreary Shades.
Her ſquinting Conſort, like to yours,
Was vers'd in Woman's artful Lures,
So *Hymen* made this beauteous Wife,
Like *Chloe* lead a diſmal Life:
For *Pluto*, ſordid, jealous, ſower,
Cloſe watch'd her in his gloomy Bower:
And how did ſhe reward her Spouſe?
With Horns, the Fair-One, grac'd his Brows.

You know *Pirithoüs*, vent'rous Blade,
To Hell, by ſecret Paths, had ſtray'd.

Beau, jeune, adroit, complaiſant, liberal,
Au Dieu Pluton donna le Benefice
De Cocuage ; or ne demandez pas,
Comment un homme avant ſa derniere heure,
Put penétrer en la ſombre demeure.
Cet homme aimoit, l'Amour guidoit ſes pas.

Mais aux Enfers comme aux lieux où vous êtes,
Voïez qu'il eſt peu d'intrigues ſecretes.
De ſa chaudiere un damné d'Eſpion
Vit ce grand cas, & dit tout à Pluton.

Polite, gay, generous and young,
He charm'd her with his—— *flowing Tongue*;
The ſweet Infection reach'd her Heart,
And hence the ſable Monarch's Smart,
His dark Ideas, barbarous Schemes,
And Rivals tort'ring, even in Dreams.—
Now aſk not how a Mortal born,
(Before his laſt, ſad Hour was drawn)
Cou'd viſit *Pluto*'s beauteous Bride;
He lov'd—— and *Cupid* was his Guide.

But moſt Intrigues are blabb'd in Hell,
As zealouſly as where we dwell.
From his deep Cauldron where he fried,
A Fiend the dallying Couple ſpied;

Le dieu donna ſa Femme à tous les Diables.

Premiers tranſports ſont un peu pardonnables.

Bien tot après devant ſon Tribunal,

Il convoqua le ſenat infernal;

A ſon conſeil viennent les noires ames,

De ces maris dévolus aux enfers,

Qui dès long-tems en cocuage experts,

Pendant leur vie ont tourmenté leurs femmes.

He haſtes to the tremendous King,
And cries, I've ſeen a—— monſtrous Thing.——
He tells him all—— the Monarch flies
Swift as a Whirlwind thro' the Skies,
And ſorely he his Queen abus'd,
(Firſt Starts of Rage may be excus'd)
Then, wiſh'd her Gig (in Terms uncivil)
Demoliſh'd by the ugliеſt Devil.——
Quite frantic grown, he ſummons all
His Senate, to their ſpacious Hall,
When ſtrait the ſooty Souls repair
Of Huſbands; All were Cuckolds there;
All vers'd in Jealouſy's dark Arts,
Thoſe Peſts to Wives—— of tender Hearts.

Un d'eux lui dit, mon confrere & ſeigneur,
Pour détourner la maligne influence,
Dont votre Alteſſe a fait l'experience,
Occir ſa femme eſt toujours le meilleur;
Mais las! ſeigneur, la vôtre eſt immortelle.
Je voudrois donc pour votre ſûreté,
Qu'un Cadenat de Structure nouvelle
Fût le garand de ſa fidelité.
A la vertu par la force aſſervie,
Lors vos plaiſirs borneront ſon envie,
Plus ne ſera d'Amant favoriſé;
Et plût aux Dieux, que quand j'etois en vie
D'un tel ſecret je me ſuſſe aviſé!

Loud ſpeaks a Shade— my Brother, Liege,
To cruſh the Woes your Brain Beſiege,
You'd beſt— ſtay— yes— diſpatch your Wife,
But oh! She boaſts immortal Life.
Wou'd therefore, to ſecure the Dame,
Some Artiſt a Machine cou'd frame,
Of Structure new, a Maſterpiece,
That might enſure your future Peace,
By locking faſt a private Door,
Which has ſo plagu'd You heretofore.—
Then forc'd to tread fair Virtue's round,
Your Will wou'd all her Pleaſures bound;
In vain Gallants wou'd whine and flatter,—
Since never, never they'd come at Her.—
Wou'd Heavens! I'd known, in Days of yore,
This Artifice.— I ſay no more.

A ce Diſcours les Diables applaudirent,

Et ſur l'airain les Cocus l'ecrivirent.

En un moment fers, enclumes, fourneaux,

Sont preparez aux gouffres infernaux.

Tiſiphoné de ces lieux ſerruriere,

Au Cadenat met la main la premiere :

The Devils ſmil'd at this Harangue,
And the high Arch with Plaudits rang.
Each Cuckold, wiſe as *Sancho*'s Aſs,
Engrav'd it on eternal Braſs.
Swift, Forges, Hammers, Anvils, Bars,
A ſkilful *Cyclop*-Fiend prepares.
Tiſiphone, in *Vulcan*'s ſtead,
Tortures the Steel, now flaming red:
She throws it into thouſand Shapes,
And ſtill the Form deſir'd eſcapes;
At laſt ſhe cries— I have it right,
When lo! a PADLOCK roſe to Sight.
To its Succeſs all largely Quaff,
And *Vulcan* roar'd a horrid Laugh.

Elle l'acheve ; & des mains de Pluton,

Proſerpina reçoit le triſte don.

On m'a conté qu'eſſayant ſon ouvrage,

Le cruel Dieu fut ému de pitié,

Qu' avec tendreſſe il dit à ſa moitié,

Que je vous plains ! vous allez être ſage.

Or ce ſecret aux enfers inventé,

Chez les humains tôt après fut porté,

Soon raptur'd *Pluto* graſps the Prize,
And to his ſorrowing Partner flies.
She takes the fatal Gift, ſhe ſwoons;
A guſhing Flood her Beauty drowns.——
I'm told the ſurly God confeſt,
Compaſſion warm'd his ſavage Breaſt,
As o'er her Form his Fingers ſtray'd,
When He, the curſt Machine eſſay'd.
How much, he cried, I pity you!
To ſtollen Joys, hence, bid adieu.
'Tis done— and now you muſt be true.

From Hell's black Realms this Secret brought,
Was ſoon to prying Mortals taught;
Since that, in *Rome*, as Trav'lers write,
There's not a Count, Cit, Pedant, Knight,

Et depuis ce, dans Veniſe & dans Rome,

Il n'eſt Pedant, Bourgeois, ni Gentilhomme,

Qui pour garder l'honneur de ſa maiſon,

De Cadenats n'ait ſa proviſion.

Là tout jaloux, ſans crainte qu'on le blâme,

Met ſous la clef la vertu de ſa femme;

Or votre Epoux dans Rome a frequenté,

Chez les méchans on ſe gâte ſans peine,

Et le galant vit fort à la Romaine:

Mais ne craignez pour votre liberté,

Tous ſes efforts ſeront pures vetilles.

Et mon Amour eſt plus fort mille fois,

Que Cadenats, verroux, portes, ni grilles.

But Padlocks has, a copious Store,
To keep Diſhonour from his Door.
There, every Man, whoſe jealous Brain
With Rivals teems, (a dreaded Train)
May, fearleſs of, or ſneer or blame,
Lock up the Virtue of his Dame.——
Now your gruff Sir has liv'd in *Rome*,
And hence my Dear may date her Doom,
For charm'd with that ſuperbe Abode,
He worſhips every *Roman* Mode.——
Still, let not *Chloe* be diſmay'd,
Nor weep her Liberty betray'd.
Soon *Venus* ſhall exert her Power,
And all your deareſt Rights reſtore:
For O! my Paſſion's ſtronger far,
Than Gate, Wall, Padlock, Bolt or Bar.

Le Baiſer rendu.

Conte tiré de *la Fontaine.*

GUILLOT paſſoit avec ſa Mariée.

Un Gentilhomme à ſon gré la trouvant,

Qui t'a, dit-il, donné telle Epouſée?

Que je la baiſe, à la Charge d'autant.

Bien volontiers, dit Guillot à l'inſtant:

Elle eſt, Monſieur, fort à votre Service.

Kiſs for Kiſs.

A TALE

Imitated from *La Fontaine.*

AS *Colin* ſaunter'd with his Bride,
A rural 'Squire the Couple ſpied,
When tripping to 'em, *Col*, ſays He,
This Beauty thine? It ne'er can be.——
Troth but She is, cries Lubber Lout;——
Then, quo' his Worſhip, turn about,
And let me kiſs her Damaſk Lip:
I muſt; I will:— but juſt a Sip.
When I am married, here's my Hand,
A Kiſs ſhall be at thy Command.

Nay, an 'tis ſo, cries honeſt *Col*,
You're welcome, ſure, to buſs our *Doll.*

The

Le Monſieur donc fait alors ſon office

En appuyant ; Peronelle en rougit.

Huit jours après, ce Gentilhomme prit

Femme à ſon tour : à Guillot il permit

Même faveur.

The 'Squire his eager Lips applies;
Quick to her Cheek the Colour flies——
Thank ye, ſweet Sir—— away ſhe hies.

But now his Worſhip, Folks declare,
Is wedded to a beauteous Fair.
Briſk *Colin* haſtes, he ſees the 'Squire;
The Lady comes, his Heart's on Fire.——
Quoth *Col* and grins— Good Zir, I wot,
You have not yet your Word forgot:——
No, no:—— Why then I'll kiſs the Dame.
He ſmuggles, till ſhe cries— for Shame.

Guillot tout plein de zele,

Puiſque, Monſieur, dit-il, eſt ſi fidelle,

J'ai grand regret, & je ſuis bien faché,

Qu'ayant baiſé ſeulement Peronelle,

Il n'ait encore avec elle couché.

The Clown retires with aukward Bow:—

A worthy Gentleman, I trow;

But when our *Dolly*'s Lips he preſs'd,

I wiſh he'd carried on the Jeſt;

For had they ſlipt between the Sheets,

O! I had taſted Honey Sweets!

De Cupido & de ſa Dame.

Tiré de *Marot.*

AMour trouva celle qui m' eſt amere :
Et j'y eſtois, j'en ſçay bien mieulx le compte :
Bon jour, dict il, bon jour Venus ma mere,
Puis tout à coup il veoit, qu'il ſe mescompte,
Dont la couleur au viſage lui monte

The beautiful Miſtake.

Imitated from *Marot.*

AS *Mira* once and I were laid
Beneath the Woodbine's trembling Shade,
Comes Cupid—— "Dear Mamma," he cries,
(Bright Anguiſh ſtealing from his Eyes.)
" Alas! I've ſought You all the Day,
" Surpriz'd where my Mamma cou'd ſtray;
" O'er Dales, and Hills, and Rocks I flew,
" E'er gliding Fairies ſip the Dew:
" Sighing, to *Jove* I breath'd a Vow——
" 'Twas heard; for O! I've found You now."

Love's riſing Joy his Smiles expreſt,
When ſwift he ſprings to *Mira*'s Breaſt,
But going to kiſs her roſy Cheek,
Amaz'd he ſtarts, and ſcarce can ſpeak.

D'avoir failly: honteux Dieu ſçait combien:

Non, non, Amour, ce dy je, n'ayez honte:

Plus clers voyans que vous sy' trompent bien.

" Thus to miſtake! O foul Diſgrace!"—
Confuſion ſweetly flush'd his Face—
" How Folks will laugh!"— this wak'd his Pride;
He hangs his Head, and turns aſide.

Seeing the *Rover* tortur'd thus;
Fond Child, ſays I, why all this Fuſs?
Suppreſs your Bluſhes, be not griev'd;—
Much quicker Eyes have been deceiv'd.

Paſtor Fido. Atto I. Sce. IV.

COME in vago giardin roſa gentile,
Che ne le verdi ſue tenere ſpoglie
Pur dianzi era rinchiuſa;
E ſotto l'ombra del notturno velo
Incolta, e ſconoſciuta
Stava poſando in ſul materno ſtelo;
Al ſubito apparir del primo raggio
Che ſpunti in Oriente
Si deſta, e ſi riſente,
E ſcopre al ſol, che la vagheggia, e mira,
Il ſuo vermiglio & odorato ſeno,
Dou' Ape ſuſſurando
Ne i mattutini albori.
Vola ſuggendo i rugiadoſi humori;
Ma s'alhor non ſi coglie,

From Scene IV. Act I.

Of *Paſtor Fido.*

The Virgin and the Roſe.

AS in ſome rural Paradiſe, a Roſe,
(Which, veil'd by Leaves, and huſh'd in calm Repoſe,
Beneath the duſky Mantle of the Skies,
On its fair Stalk, in ſweet Oblivion lies)
Wakes gently, ſoon as the firſt Orient Beam
Calls ſlumb'ring Nature from its tranſient Dream:
To Phœbus, who its glowing Form beholds,
A Boſom, rich with Crimſon Hues, unfolds,
Whence the wing'd Bee, (ſoft-breathing amorous Sighs)
Extracts the lucid Nectar as He flies.——

Si che del mezzo dì ſenta le fiamme:
Cade al cader del ſole
Si ſcolorita in ſù la ſiepe ombroſa,
Ch'à pena ſi può dir queſta fù roſa.

Coſi la verginella,
Mentre cura materna
La cuſtodiſce, e chiude,
Chiude anch' ella il ſuo petto
A l'amoroſo affetto:
Ma ſe laſcivo ſguardo
Di Cupido amator vien che la miri
E n' oda ella i ſoſpiri,
Gli apre ſubito il core,
E nel tenero ſen riceve amore.

Bleſt Flower! and yet if it ungather'd ſtay
Till Sol, high mounted, dart a ſcorching Ray,
Pining, it droops with the declining Light,
And all its Glories glide away from Sight.

Thus the young Virgin, whilſt her Mother's Care,
From flatt'ring Man conceals the darling Fair,
The Fair ſecludes Love's Ardours from her Breaſt,
And the ſoft Woes which break a Maiden's Reſt.
But ſhould ſome *Thyrſis* dart a wanton Eye,
And ſhe attend to the ſweet Tempter's Sigh,
Inſtant her Heart its inmoſt Folds diſplays,
And her, now Love-ſick Soul, is in a Blaze.
Then, if or Baſhfulneſs or Fear reſtrain
The melting Nymph, and ſhe diſguiſe her Pain,

E ſe vergogna il cela,

O temenza l' affrena,

La miſera tacendo

Per ſoverchio deſio tutta ſi ſtrugge,

Coſi manca beltà, ſe'l foco dura,

E perdendo ſtagion, perde ventura.

To hated Silence doom'd, ſhe weeping lies,
Eclips'd the lovely Luſtre of her Eyes;
Her Graces fade, and ſhe untimely dies.

SON-

SONNET.

Tiré des Oeuvres de Pièrre Goudelin, Poëte Toulouſain.

HIér tant que le Caüs, le Chot, é la Cabéco
Trattaon à l'eſcur de lours menuts afas,
E' que la triſto néyt per mouſtra ſous lugras
Del gran calel del Cél amagabo la méco.

Un Paſtourél diſio, b'é fayt uno grand péco
De douna moun amour à qui nou la bol pas,
A la bélo Liris, de qui l'armo de glas
Bol rèndre pauromen ma perſuto buféco.

SONNET.

From *Goudelin*, a celebrated *Gaſcoon* Poet.

WHilſt, ſhrouded by an Oak, in leafy State,
Two mutt'ring Owls were fix'd in grave Debate,
(Slow, ſolemn Night, concealing Heav'n's bright Eye,
To ſhow her Train of Stars that gild the Sky.)

Poor *Colin*, ſighing:—— ſilly, ſure, he cries,
Am I to pine, ſince *Lucy* Love denies;
Coy *Lucy*, fair as Light, whoſe flinty Heart,
My Paſſion ſcorning, cauſes all my Smart.

Mentre que ſoun troupél rodo le coumunal,

Yeu ſoun anat cent cops li parla de moun mal:

Més la cruélo cour à las autros Paſtouros.

Ah! ſoulel de mous els, ſe jamay ſur toun ſé

Yeu podi fourrupa dous poutets à plazé

Yeu farè ta gintet que duraren tres houros.

How oft, o'erwhelm'd with Grief, have I eſſay'd,
As, in the Primroſe Dale, her Lambkins play'd,
To whiſper Love? but ſtill obdurate ſhe,
Flew always, frowning, to the Nymphs from me.

Sun of my Eyes! as *Flora* ſweetly gay,
Should once my Lips on thy ſoft Boſom ſtray,
Deliciouſly I'll raiſe the fragrant Bliſs,
And feaſt three Hours upon a ſingle Kiſs.

*Elogium *Saulii, ex fabula quadam Sinica.*

VIX ver incœperat cum Saulius flavum corticem Viridi pallio amiciret: pulchritudo ejus, pudore

Suffundit mali Perſici arborem, quæ, præ Indignatione flores, qui eam exornant, avellit atque in terram ſpargit. Splendor vivaciſſimorum colorum ſe non comparaverit cum ſimplici atque amabili decore Saulii: antecedit verem, (ver) neque opus habet vermibus ſerici textoribus: ipſa ramos ſuos atque folia veſtit lanugine Sericea tenuiſſima, quam nulli noverunt vermes.

* It ſhould be SALICIS. This Deſcription is extracted from *Theophili Sigefridi Bayeri* MUSAEUM SINICUM. Tom. I. p. 130. Petropoli. 1730.

The Willow and the Peach Tree.

From a *Chineſe* TALE.

THE Spring appear'd, and huſh'd was ev'ry Wind,
When the ſmooth *Willow*, o'er the Stream reclin'd,
Cheer'd by the Ray that animates the Globe,
Throws, o'er her yellow Bark, a verdant Robe.
Daſh'd at the Beauties which her Foliage ſpread,
The Rival *Peach-Tree*, bluſhing, bends his Head:
Enrag'd, his Flowers with varying Luſtre grac'd,
He tears; and ſcatters round the lovely Waſte.

The *Willow*, proud of milder Charms, outvies
The Flaſhing Splendor of the brighteſt Dyes.
Gay Harbinger of Spring, ſhe ſcorns the aid
Of toiling Silk Worms, and is ſelf-array'd;
Decking her Sprays, and Zephyr-dancing Leaves
With Down more ſoft than the fam'd Inſect weaves.

Ad * Amicos.

TErram perpetuo rotare motu
Si quis perneget, ô boni ſodales,
Sumat millia multa poculorum:
Poſtque millia multa poculorum,
Terram perpetuo rotare motu,
Sequè cum volucri rotare terrâ
Certus aſſeret, ô boni ſodales.

* Poetæ Ruſticantis literatum Otium, p. 28. Londini 1713.

The Earth's Motion prov'd.

SONG.

Set to Muſick by Mr. *Leveridge.*

MY joyous Blades, with Roſes crown'd,
Who quaff bright Nectar at its Spring,
Diſpute not, if the Earth goes round,
But hear a thirſty Poet ſing.

All take your Glaſſes, charge them high;
Let Bumpers ſwiftly Bumpers chace:
Each Man drink fifty, ſoon you'll ſpy
The Earth wheel round with rapid Pace.

Sur Mad^lle. *Camargo* & ſur Mad^lle. *Sallé*, danſant enſemble a l'Opera de *Paris*.

Impromptu, par M. de Voltaire.

AH! Camargo que vous êtes brillante !
Mais que Sallé, grands Dieux, eſt raviſſante!
Que vos Pas ſont legers, mais que les ſiens ſont doux!
Elle eſt inimitable, & vous etes nouvelle:
Les Nymphes ſautent comme Vous,
Mais les Graces danſent comme Elle.

On Mad^lle. *Camargo*, and Mad^lle. *Sallé*, dancing together in the Opera Houſe at *Paris*.

An extempore Epigram, from the French *of Mr.* de Voltaire.

YOUR Charms, *Camargo*, dart Delight,
But *Sallé* raviſhes the Sight.
Your flying Step the Dance improves,
With ſhining Eaſe ſhe ſweetly moves.
Gay Novelty attracts in You,
Her, we inimitable View.
You, like the ſprightly Wood-Nymphs bound,
She, like the Graces, ſkims the Ground.

SOEUR JEANNE. CONTE.

Tiré de la Fontaine.

SOEUR Jeanne ayant fait un Poupon,
Jeûnoit, vivoit en ſainte fille ;
Toûjours étoit en oraiſon,
Et toûjours ſes ſoeurs à la Grille.
Un jour donc l'Abeſſe leur dit,
Vivez comme ſoeur Jeanne vit ;
Fuyez le monde & ſa ſequelle.
Toutes reprirent à l'inſtant ;
Nous ſerons auſſi ſages qu'elle,
Quand nous en aurons fait autant.

Dame JANE, or the penitent Nun, (written in 1720) ſet to Muſick by the late Mr. *Haym*.

A Nun there was, as Primroſe gay,
And form'd of very yielding Clay,
Who long had reſolutely ſtrove
To guard againſt the Shafts of Love,
Till Cupid whiſp'ring ſoft the Fair,
Her pious *Vow* diſſolves in Air.——
The ſtolen Sweets ſhe now would ſmother;
In vain——poor *Jenny*'s made a Mother.

Theſe youthful Pranks quite giv'n o'er,
Sighing, ſhe cries, " I'll ſin no more;
" No more become Man's ſenſual Prey,
" But ſpend in Prayer each fleeting Day."——

Lo! in her Cell ſhe weeping lies,
Nor from the Croſs once moves her Eyes;
Whilſt Siſters, tittering at the Grate,
Paſs all their Hours in wanton Prate.

The Abbeſs overjoy'd to find
This bliſsful Change in *Jenny*'s Mind,
With Face demure, the Girls addreſſing,
" Ah Daughters! if you hope—a Bleſſing,
" From righteous *Jane* Example take;
" The World, its Pomps, and Joys forſake."—
" Ay— ſo we will,"— cries ev'ry Nun—
" When we,— as righteous *Jane* have done."

ODE.

Par Mr. *de Voltaire.* 1715.

AUX maux les plus affreux le Ciel nous abandonne,
La Diſcorde, la faim, la Mort nous environne,
Et les Dieux contre nous ſoulevés tant de fois,
Equitables vangeurs des Crimes de la Terre
Ont frappé du Tonnerre
Les Peuples & les Roys.

Des plaines de Tortoſe au bord du Boriſthene
Mars a conduit ſon char attelé par la haine;
Les vents contagieux ont volé ſur ſes pas,
Et ſoufflant de la Mort les Semences funeſtes,
Ont devoré les reſtes
Echapés aux Combats.

D'un

D'un Monarque puiſſant la Race fortunée
Rempliſſoit de leur Nom l'Europe conſternée.
J'ay paſſé. De la Terre ils etoient diſparus,
Et le Peuple abatu que ſa miſere etonne
Les cherche au pied du Trone
Et ne les trouve plus.

Peuples reconnoiſſés la main qui vous accable,
Ce n'eſt point des Deſtins l'arrêt irrevocable,
Ceſt le courroux des Dieux mais facile a calmer ;
Merités d'etre heureux, oſés quitter le vice,
C'eſt par ce ſacrifice
Qu'on les peut deſarmer.

Rome en ſages Heros autrefois ſi fertile,
Qui fut des plus grands Roys la terreur & l'Aſile,
Rome fut vertueuſe & dompta l'Univers ;
Mais l'Orgueil & le luxe enfans de la Victoire,
Du comble de la Gloire
La plongerent aux Fers.

Quoy ? verra t'on toûjours de ces Tirans Serviles,
Oppreſſeurs inſolents des Veuves, des Pupiles,
Elever des Palais dans nos Champs deſolés ?
Verrai-je cimenter leurs portiques durables
Du ſang des miſerables
Devant eux immolés ?

Elevés dans le ſein de l'infame Avarice,
Leurs Enfans ont ſuccé le lait de l'Injuſtice,
Et dans nos Tribunaux vont juger les Humains.
Malheur à qui fondé ſur ſa foible Innocence,
A mis ſon eſperance
Dans leurs indignes mains.

Des Nobles cependant l'Ambition captive
Séndort entre les bras de la Moleſſe oiſive,
Et ne porte aux combats que des Corps languiſſans.
Ceſſés, abandonnés à des mains plus vaillantes
Ces piques trop peſantes
Pour vos Bras impuiſſans.

Voyès cette Beauté ſous les yeux de ſa mere,
Elle apprend en naiſſant l'art dangereux de plaire,
Et d'irriter en nous de funeſtes penchants.
Son enfance previent le tems d'etre coupable,
Le vice trop aimable
Inſtruit ſes premiers Ans.

Bientot bravant les yeux de l'Epoux qu'elle outrage,
Elle abandonne aux mains d'un Courtiſan volage,
De ſes trompeurs appas le Charme empoiſonneur.
Que dis-je! cet Epoux à qui l'himen la lie,
Trafiquant l'Infamie
La livre au Deſhonneur.

Ainſi vous outragés les Dieux & la Nature,
O que ce n'etoit pas de cette ſource impure
Qu'on vit naitre ces Francs des Scithes ſucceſſeurs,
Qui du char d'Attila detachant la Fortune
De la Cauſe commune
Furent les Deffenſeurs.

Le Citoyen alors ſçavoit porter les Armes:
Sa fidele Moitié qui negligeoit ſes Charmes
Pour ſon retour heureux preparoit des Lauriers;
Recevoit dans ſes mains ſa Cuiraſſe ſanglante,
Et ſa hache fumante
Du trépas des Guerriers.

Au travail endurcis, leur ſuperbe courage
Ne prodigua jamais une imbecile homage
A de vaines Beautés qui ne les touchoient pas ;
Et d'un ſexe timide & né pour la Moleſſe
Ils plaignoient la foibleſſe
Et ne l'adoroient pas.

Dans ces ſauvages tems l'heroique Rudeſſe,
Leur laiſſoit ignorer la delicate adreſſe
D'excuſer les forfaits par un ſubtil detour.
Jamais on n'entendit leur bouche peu ſincere
Donner a l'Adultere
Le tendre nom d'Amour.

Mais insensiblement l'adroite Politesse
Des Cœurs effeminés souveraine maitresse,
Effaça de nos Mœurs l'austere Pureté,
Et du subtil Mensonge empruntant l'artifice,
Bientot à l'Injustice
Donna l'air d'equité.

Le Luxe a ses cotés marche avec arrogance,
L'Or qui nait sous ses pas s'écoule en sa presence,
Le fol Orgueil le suit compagnon de l'erreur,
Il sappe des Etats la Grandeur souveraine
De leur Chûte prochaine
Brillant avant-coureur.

4 AU 64

FINIS.